

Once last dance

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Once last dance

by [Silvaxus](#)

Summary

28. **Spit-roasting** / Overstimulation / Incest

When you don't have much time on your hands you have to make every moment worth it.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble [Imoshen](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

His next breath left Will's lungs with a gasp when Hannibal lifted him up with ease only to place Will roughly on the desk in his office.

They hadn't much time left until Jack would arrive and kick Hannibal's door in with an angry mob at his back, wielding pitchforks and torches.

Their shared secret of Hannibal being the Chesapeake Ripper was out and Jack was on the warpath to take him down.

Jack had called Will, wanting the empath with him when he would take down the Ripper unaware that Will had known for months who the Ripper was...and that Will loved him.

The second Will was aware of the situation, he had driven over to Hannibal's office. There was no patient, only Hannibal, and Will didn't hesitate.

"Jack knows and is on his way."

There was a moment of silence before Hannibal jumped Will.

There wasn't time for this and they both knew but that didn't stop the urgency and need to feel the other this close a last time. They didn't know when they would see each other again.

A moment after Will's back hit the table, Hannibal's hands were already working on Will's zipper.

In Will's opinion it shouldn't be so hot to hear Hannibal growl with annoyance when Will's boots were in the way when Hannibal pulled his pants down.

Long seconds later, Will was undressed enough for Hannibal to take him.

Reaching for Hannibal's hand, Will licked over the warm skin of Hannibal's palm. They had no time to go for their stash of lube and while Will knew it was going to hurt he didn't care about it.

The stretch burned and the pain made Will clench his teeth but he didn't tell Hannibal to stop.

Will could feel Hannibal's desire just like he felt his pain. They didn't want to part and yet they were forced to so. Even more of a reason to make this moment count for the times to come.

Where Hannibal would normally wait and give Will time to relax and get used to the stretch, he did neither of these things now.

He took Will roughly and without holding back, burning the picture of Will caught between pleasure and pain into his mind until they could meet again to replace the picture.

Their coupling was fast and dirty and Will pushed Hannibal away when the other wanted to reach for Will's erection to help him reach his own orgasm.

"No, Hannibal. You need to leave, now. Jack will be here any moment and should he find you with my cock in your hand it won't help us. You you need to hurry, Hannibal."

Fury, silent and deadly, marked Hannibal's face for a second before his mask of civilisation was back in place.

"I will come back to you, for you, Will."

Getting dressed again in a hurry, Will placed a last kiss on Hannibal's lips.

"I know, and in the meantime, I will have an eye on the FBI and Jack. You better knock me out before you leave. Can't have Jack getting even more suspicious of me."

Hannibal looked stricken but he pulled Will against his chest and closed his fingers around Will's throat.

Will neither struggled nor fought him but leaned against Hannibal in one last embrace...before he went slack in Hannibal's arms.

Placing Will on the floor like he dropped there, Hannibal trashed his office like they had fought before he vanished but not without pressing a last lingering kiss to Will's lips.

They danced for the last time for the near future but Hannibal would make Jack pay for their forced separation.

The Chesapeake Ripper was on the run and Hannibal Lecter had no reasons left to hold himself back from what he did best.

End Notes

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